

Street Bulldogs

"Lonely White Sheet"

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It was a solid white sheet stained with blood
It can still hear the helpless outcries of fear
Cages and empty cages celebrating the mourning of
it's inhabitants
Shots and chemical blends serving our humanity
Do we have the right for tests in animals?
The world is built with respect for others lives
Creatures always die for the sake of visual health
The search is a focused verdict for the varied average
costumer
Cruelty makes it's way, money justifies it's greed
Killing innocent animals
It's their solution: murder

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